The Owl and the Aſs.

GOOD people attend to my frolicſome,
You may talk of it twenty years after,
As merry as true and it will not be long
Before you are thrown in a laughter;
Tis of an old couple that liv'd in the Weſt,
Had two wicked boys we are told, ſir,
When daddy and mammy were laid down to reſt,
The boys would go catching of owls, ſir.

One moon-ſhiny night theſe rogues did agree,
That they would go catching of owls, ſir,
They tramp'd till they come to an old hollow tree
Where they caught one as big as a fowl, ſir;
Says one to the other we've got her at laſt,
Poor Margery on them was gazing,
As over the fields and the meadows they paſt,
They found a poor jackaſs a grazing.

They mounted the donkey and home they did trot
Says one he's a beautiful creature,
Such a beautiful pair, and ſuch notes they have got,
What muſic can ever be ſweeter?
In the ſmall beer cellar the aſs they did put,
And gave him an armful of hay, ſir,
And the owl on the ſhelf ſo majeſtical ſat,
So to bed they both bundle'd away, ſir.

Now the old woman waking as dry as a ſpark,
Went down for to draw her ſome beer, ſir,
And as ſhe was poking about in the dark,
She got hold of the jack aſs's ear, ſir;
Then jack ſet a braying ſo terribly loud,
The old woman ſhe fell a ſcreaming,
The old man awoke and went bundling down,
For he thought the old lady was dreaming.

Now laughing in bed were theſe two wicked boys,
It was now about dead of the night, ſir,
The owl on the ſhelf ſhe ſet up ſuch a noiſe,
Seeing the old couple in white, ſir;
Why, ſays the old man, we've got in a wood,
For the owls are beginning to hollow,
So he ſhuffl'd along as faſt as he could,
And bid the old woman to follow.

The old woman cry'd let us fall down to prayers,
And immediately fell on her knees, ſir,
The old man he ſomething did drop on the ſtairs,
Which you may all gueſs if you pleaſe, ſir;
The boys cry'd out, father you've nothing to dread,
But pardon us we now implore ye,
So they got the old lady up ſafe into bed,
Then they told them the whole of the ſtory.

They recovered their ſright by the time it was light,
The houſe was by people ſurrounded,
They thought it was beſt to tell of the jeſt,
And thro' the whole town it was ſounded;
So the owl and the aſs for a ſtory does paſs,
And cauſes a great deal of laughter,
Theſe words may be ſaid, when the old folks are dead,
And for two or three centuries after.

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